

CHARIVARIA.

It has only just occurred to us—now that we are in 1911. Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX'S *Great War of 1910* never came off. Very annoying for him.

With reference to the Portuguese unrest it is gratifying to read that numerous requests have been received for the despatch of British flags to be hoisted as a protection in the event of any disorders. The German factories, we hear, have been working overtime to cope with the demand.

A painting commemorating a joke made by the KAISER during manoeuvres has just been hung in the mess of a convalescent home for officers in the Taunus. His MAJESTY, in tasting some of the men's pea-soup, burnt his tongue, at which he cried, "Ow, William! Now you have burnt your snout again properly!" It is said that, with a view to encouraging art, His MAJESTY intends to make a joke every year in future.

Six hundred of the late King of SIAM'S widows attended his funeral. We still think that, although not so spectacularly effective, our simple, unostentatious old custom of restricting the number to one has points in its favour.

Much has been heard quite recently of threepenny-bits in plum puddings. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL has now hit upon a novelty. He is thinking of issuing stamps in rolls.

The waitresses in a certain café in Boston, U.S.A., have been forbidden to say anything more than "Good morning, Sir," to male patrons (and this only when they are addressed first), because so many of the girls marry customers, and the staff is always changing. The surprise may well be imagined of the young gentleman who says, "Will you marry me, fair maiden?" and gets the reply, "Good morning, Sir" (especially if it should happen in the evening).

It is rumoured that, to signalise the

granting of a knighthood to himself, Sir JOSEPH LYONS intends shortly to raise Sir Watkin Pudding, which figures occasionally on the menus of his restaurants, to the peerage.

Our newest Music Hall is evidently to be conducted on severely decorous lines. "On Monday," we read, "Madame Edyth Walker commences her engagement at the Palladium, when she will sing songs *in costume*." The italics are ours, the idea the Palladium's.

The sunshine statistics for the past year make melancholy reading. Yet

should have thought of taking the little orphan to the Gnu Gallery Restaurant.

M. LOUIS LAPICQUE asserts, in a communication to the Academy of Science, of Paris, that large eyes indicate a big brain. Unfortunately, in several cases known to us, they are the only indication.

The Feminist movement would appear to be making giant strides in the provinces to judge by a card which has reached us from the David Lewis Northern Hospital stating that "The Lord and Lady Mayoress have kindly consented to visit the Hospital," etc.

A dear old lady writes to us apprehensively about a notice she has seen, headed "Election Petition." "Surely," she says, "they can't be petitioning for another General Election!"

The French Academy of Science has refused to immortalise Madame CURIE. In coming to this decision the members consider they are acting in self-defence. Immortelles, they say, would be a sign of death.

The *Daily Mirror* publishes a photograph, entitled: "President Fallières (with a beard) driving from the Elysée." Is not our contemporary aware that they are inseparable companions?



OUT OF THEIR RECKONING.

Pilot. "WHERE ARE WE?"

Mechanician (who is taking fog soundings). "PICCADILLY, I RECKON!"

can one really blame the sun for coming out so seldom, seeing what wretched weather we had?

Meanwhile we hear that the official excuse for the poor beginning of the present year is that there is a certain amount of bad weather over from last year which must be worked off.

Two black Orpington hens exhibited at the Philadelphia Poultry Show were valued at £2,400 and £2,000 respectively. Their eggs are worth £5 a-piece, and the miserly creatures are said to be hoarding them up.

The infant gnu which was recently born in the Zoological Gardens has lost its mother and has been refusing food. It seems incredible that no one

Official permission has been given to the London Scottish to have a march in Scotland this year. We understand that they have secured the services of an interpreter.

"Two mid-ocean games of chess have, by the aid of wireless telegraphy, been played between the steamships Briton and Medic."—*Daily Mail*.

"Mate!" telegraphed the *Briton*, and the game had to be stopped while they looked for the first officer of the *Medic*.

"The general growth of the town is indicated by the fact that twice within a dozen years the authorities are contemplating further enlarging the post-office."—*Western Morning News*.

But they mustn't be in too great a hurry. One more contemplation and then in 1922 the great work can be put in hand.

A LADIES' REFERENDUM.

[A bachelor, on becoming engaged, invites the approval of his women friends.]

LADIES, your verdict! By your leave I wish you
To fill this form (enclosed), wherein is set
A question on a very vital issue
Touching the case of fair young Henriette
(The party, Mr. Ed.,
Whom I particularly want to wed).

Briefly, for I rely on your inscrutable
Instinct for seeing through your sex and kind,
Is she—I put it to you—quite a suitable
Companion for the subtler sort of mind?
Is she, or is she not,
Qualified for the post—to share my lot?

You know my taste, in virtues as in clarets;
Well, will she make a satisfactory bride?
Is she pure gold, or only fifteen carats,
Sound to the core, or simply fair outside,
This Henriette (or Harry)
Whom I particularly want to marry?

Ladies, you well deserve this referendum,
For, when I chose, I had your charms in view;
Could I have seen that she contrived to blend 'em,
Had they not struck my notice first in you?
Her gifts your own recall,
And, wedding her, I seem to wed you all!

Kindly confirm my choice and you enhance her,
If possible, in my profound esteem;
But if, upon the other hand, your answer
Should throw discouragement on love's young dream,
Then hold me not to blame
If I proceed to wed her just the same.

For it is you (not she) are on your trial;
This is a test case meant to prove your worth;
And, if the bulk of you pronounces denial
That she is far the nicest thing on earth,
Such verdict will denote
That you are still unfit to have the Vote. O. S.

MANNERS FROM OREGON.

PORTLAND, the metropolis of Oregon, was founded in 1844, and became a city in 1851. Though it stands about 100 miles from the ocean it is a prosperous port. It has churches, schools, sawmills, canneries, breweries—in short all the complex apparatus of an advanced civilisation. In spite of these manifold blessings Portland has never been sufficiently famous. This defect I propose to remedy.

There is, it appears, in Portland a newspaper named *The Oregonian*, a mouth-filling and splendid title; and *The Oregonian* sometimes devotes such leisure as it can spare from the pursuit of politics, literature, and general news to matters even more closely pertaining to the conduct of life. Recently it published an article on the etiquette of the table, by PRUDENCE STANDISH—Miss PRUDENCE STANDISH as I may, I think, presume her to be.

It is an engrossing but a desperately difficult subject, surrounded with pitfalls of varying depth and danger. How shall an aspirant attain to perfect correctness and ease so that those who see him (or her) sitting at table may say, "Lo, there is one on whom at least twopence was expended

in early youth. He is quite sure about his napkin; he knows what to do with his knife and fork; the management of his bread and the lifting of his tankard of stout are equally child's play to him. Why can't we be like him?" You will be like him, I answer, if only you will read PRUDENCE's article.

In the *Book of Snobs* (chapter 1) we are asked to believe that Englishmen of rank and distinction must not make use of their knives in order to convey peas, those mercurial and elusive vegetables, to the mouth, but that foreigners of rank may do this without reproach. "I have seen," says the author, "the Hereditary Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter (that serenely beautiful woman) use her knife in lieu of a fork or spoon; I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove! like Ramo Samee, the Indian juggler. And did I blench? Did my estimation for the Princess diminish? No, lovely Amalia! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one! long may the knife carry food to those lips, the reddest and loveliest in the world!" On this vexed question PRUDENCE remains almost silent. Even Lady Grove, our own British classic, says nothing about it.

Listen, however, to PRUDENCE on napkins: "When everybody is seated at table—not before—the napkin is taken up from the plate across which it lies, and opened out across the knees. However beautiful a gown or splendid a gentleman's evening get-up, it is the height of bad taste to pin the napkin up to the bodice or tuck one end into the waistcoat. One shake—the two hands held to the right of the sitter—unfolds it sufficiently, and without more ado it is laid upon the lap. After the meal, when dining with friends the napkin may be folded and laid by the plate."

I daresay all this is quite sound—though, I fancy, some high authorities forbid the folding of the napkin when a meal is over. They consider that it argues a mean regard for economy, an intention, in fact, to use the napkin on some subsequent occasion, and they prefer the reckless daredevil custom of leaving the napkin in a chaotic condition on the floor. My own special trouble with napkins, however, arises from their being sometimes built up in the shape of boats or mitres, in which state they often contain a roll of bread hidden in their recesses. It's ten to one with me that the bread rolls out of the napkin on to the floor, and if I and the other guests used the method of PRUDENCE—"the two hands held to the right of the sitter"—there might be quite a dangerous fusillade of rolls. To give or to receive a roll in the eye would be but a poor beginning to a party. As to the tucking or pinning of napkins, I agree with PRUDENCE. Not even thick soup and a heavy moustache will excuse a man who callously tucks one end into the waistcoat. Let him lean his head forward or sacrifice the waistcoat. Finally, "the guest may lay down his or her eating implements at any time, but the napkin is not taken from the lap until the hostess removes hers." This is a counsel of perfection. My experience is that when napkins are highly starched and glazed they remove themselves over and over again. Nothing breaks the ice better than to bring your head into a collision with a lady's as you both stoop to recover her fallen napkin.

I pass now to some matters on which our own barbarous customs appear to differ slightly from those of Portland: "The knives and soup-spoon are at the right of the plate, and the various forks used at the left." So far, I think, we agree, but "the smaller knife will be used for the

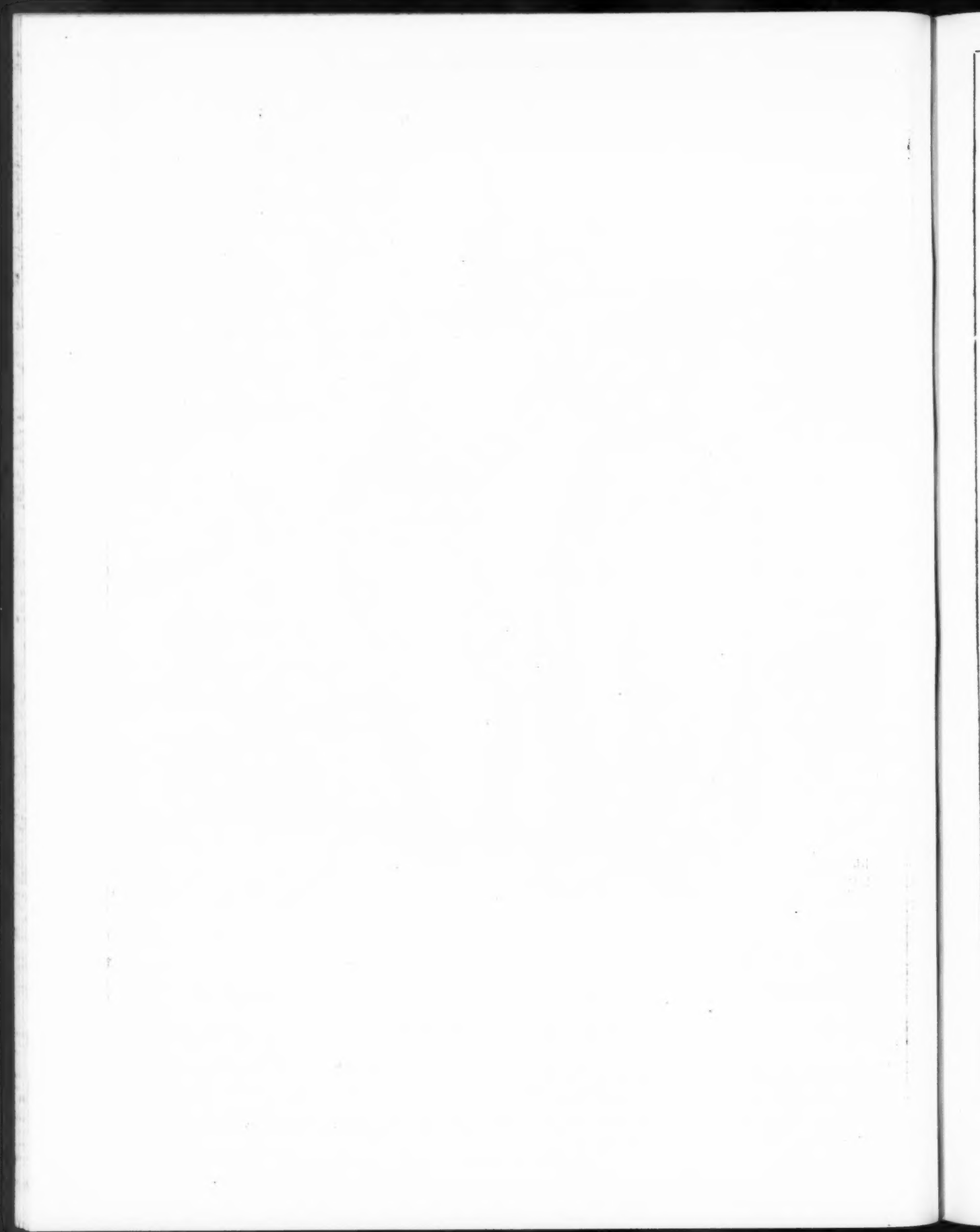


THE BLIND SIDE.

GERMAN OFFICER. "GLAD TO HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO FORTIFY YOUR SEA-FRONT. VERY DANGEROUS PEOPLE, THESE ENGLISH."

DUTCHMAN. "BUT IT WILL COST MUCH."

GERMAN OFFICER. "AH, BUT SEE WHAT YOU SAVE ON THE EASTERN FRONTIER, WHERE THERE'S NOBODY BUT US!"





Sporting Farmer. "COME ALONG, SAM, YOU AIN'T FRIGHTENED BY A DROP O' WATER! THEY'RE RUNNING LIKE BLAZES!"
Sam. "GO ON, LAD, GO ON! I BE LOOKIN' FOR A POND THAT USED TO BE IN THIS FIELD. MAYBE YOU'LL FIND UN."

entrée and the larger for the roast; the two forks for these courses are generally the same size. The knife is held in the right hand and is used exclusively"—here PRUDENCE hints at the Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter—"for cutting food, and *after this*" (my italics) "the fork is shifted to the right hand for eating." First chop your food, then fork it, is a good motto. "But save for such very small vegetables as peas and beans, or for rice, the fork is not used spoon-wise, but rather to lift conveniently shaped pieces with the ends of the prongs. It is not thought elegant to mash up food with the fork before eating, or to turn the fork over and pile up the other side with food, as some persons do; and though these things seem fairly trifling, they count in the summing up of perfect table deportment." Here again we agree.

Let me give a few priceless maxims:—

(1) "One must not say, 'I don't like' a thing when it is offered, but simply, 'No, thank you,' if it is not desired."

(2) "Salt must not be put on the table-cloth for radishes or celery, but on the side of the plate."

(3) "The host carves, the hostess serves the soup (if there is a tureen), and gives the signal for beginning the meal by taking up her soup-spoon." (But what happens where the hostess, under dietary regulations, takes no soup? Does she still wave her otiose soup-spoon?)

(4) "Oysters, clams, and terrapins are also fork foods, and it is thought a break in good manners to eat any of these things with a knife." (But what shall we say about

kromesies or patties? I have known a chicken-patty stand out against the most powerful fork.)

(5) "Where a hostess has a very stylishly dressed table, and there is a guest" (myself, for instance) "who is likely to be green in the employment of the right utensils, it is considerate and well bred of her to give the cue by taking up the proper implement for the course, as the great variety of forks and spoons now used on a smart table is sometimes embarrassing." (But if her chicken-patty is softer and more amenable than mine, and she takes up a fork for it, must I abstain from using a knife for my obstinate one? I simply refuse to forfeit my chance of the patty. I shall commit "a break" and use my knife.)

(6) And last. "Boiled eggs, for a polite effect, are eaten directly from the shell, and the home habit of breaking them in a glass should not be encouraged."

PRUDENCE does not tell us how they deal with asparagus in Portland. It is a fearful problem. Perhaps the hostess waves her hand for a signal and then everybody falls to with fingers in the primitive British fashion which gains in convenience all that it loses in elegance. Possibly PRUDENCE will continue to instruct us. In the meantime I bid her a grateful farewell.

Foresight in the Suburbs.

"Order your Christmas numbers at the bookstall, Railway Station, High-st., Putney."—*Evening Times* (Jan. 3rd).

SECRETS OF THE PRISON HOUSE.

II.

THE EDITOR AND HIS MUSICAL CRITIC.

DEAR MR. KITE,—Although your contributions to our columns have hitherto lain in the sphere of sport and pastime, the retirement of our musical critic, Mr. Blandy, has decided me to offer you his post for the following reasons. The appeal of music is no longer confined to persons who lead sedentary or artistic lives. Musicians, whether amateurs or professionals, are increasingly addicted to outdoor exercises—golf, motoring, cricket, &c. Secondly, women, who form the great majority of the concert-going public, are nowadays habitually trained in muscular and athletic pursuits. Hence the need for treating music in a manner which will meet the altered conditions. Of course I do not want you absolutely to disregard the technical side of the art, but I have no doubt that you can pick this up as you go along. I should like you to attend the next Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall and submit a trial article on these lines.

Yours faithfully,
G. KENNEDY
BROWN.

DEAR MR. BROWN,—This is

rather a tall order, but I have done my best, and hope that my article will prove satisfactory.

Yours very truly, ANGUS KITE.

QUEEN'S HALL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The inclusion in Saturday's programme of Sir Alexander Bulger's new symphonic concerto for violin, with Herr Kreisler as soloist, naturally drew a huge audience to the Queen's Hall. Indeed the gallery was so tightly packed as to suggest an old-fashioned Rugby scrum of the "seventies" rather than the looser formation adopted by up-to-date exponents of the national game.

Sir Alexander Bulger's concerto is laid out in four movements. A brief prologue, in which there are some beautiful brassy shots for the trombone, leads without a check into the opening

Allegro. The first subject, which is of a rather flip-flap character, is given out by the solo instrument and is then passed from one group of instruments to another with a Stoop-like precision. Some interesting "essipodes," as Mr. Dan Everard would call them, then follow before the second subject, marked *nobilmente* in the score, emerges in all its luscious grandeur. After the customary *reprise* comes the working-out section in the form of a free fantasia, and the peroration is at once jubilant and majestic. The slow movement in 6-8 time is, strange to say, entirely melodic in character with occasional explosions in the percussion department, but the *Presto*, a *moto perpetuo*, has all the exhilaration of a toboggan

halved the match amid tumultuous applause.

Of the other items in the programme, which comprised the *Siegfried* Idyll, TSCHAIKOWSKY'S "1812" overture, and the *Vorspiel* of the *Meistersinger*, it is not necessary to speak, but a few words are due to the solo vocalist, Madame Vinolia de Sapiolo, who made a very favourable impression on this her first appearance before a Metropolitan audience. Madame de Sapiolo is a robust soprano, of the type of a Cornish forward, who attacks her high notes with the intrepidity of an aviator. Her voice is no *voix blanche*; it strikes her hearers pink at every shot. In *Ocean, thou mighty monster*, she never once fozzled an approach or got into

the rough, but plugged away through the green with the undeviating straightness of JOHN HENRY at his best. Later on she displayed her *bravura* in an air by Alabiéff, in which she sprinted all over the gamut with the utmost agility. Her shake is no flabby wobble suggestive of the agitation of a shape of jelly, but a genuine seismic perturbation of the vocal chords, and it fairly knocked the audience.

DEAR MR. KITE,
—Capital! This is exactly what I wanted. I am particularly

pleased that you have used the words "grim," "pathetic," and "happening," which are absolutely indispensable just at present.

Yours faithfully,
G. KENNEDY BROWN.

The *Ladies Home Journal*, describing some charades, says:

"The Princes in the Tower, the landing of the Normans, and King Henry haunted by his eight wives were given, the latter being very difficult to guess."

No wonder; we ourselves can only give six of them.

"CHESTER V. TRANMERE.

Half Time: Crewe, 1; Nantwich, 0.
Result: Burnell's Ironworks, 1; Saltney, 0."
Sunday Chronicle.

There is nothing like a thoroughly sporting game, with the result in doubt up to the last minute.



PROVISION FOR THE FUTURE.

Governess. "EAT UP YOUR FOOD, YOU UNGRATEFUL CHILD. THE DAY WILL COME WHEN YOU WILL WISH THAT YOU HAD SUCH A NICE RICE PUDDING TO EAT."
Little Girl. "WILL IT, MISS PEARSALL? PERHAPS I'D BETTER KEEP IT TILL THEN."

trip down the Cresta run. The *Final* is at once grimly pathetic and capriciously humorous. It is full of unexpected happenings, abrupt modulations, unearthly squawks from the wood wind and stifled groans from muted horns. But its beauty is incontestable, and the solo instrument dominates the whole with a weird pertinacity. Herr Kreisler, who adopts a stance which is curiously reminiscent of ROWLAND JONES, was in fine form throughout, and in the cadenza in the first movement made some lovely lofting shots into *altissimo*. The fantastic *Presto* is marked by some transitions which come off the pitch with the delusiveness of a googlie, but they were all negotiated with consummate ease by the gifted executant, who raced neck and neck with the band down the home stretch and



Detective. "Now, Mrs. Smith, we think we have at last found your husband for you. It is possible that he may be disguised, so will you look carefully at each of these men and say whether you can recognise Mr. Smith?"
One of the Eight (in a whisper). "Blimy, Bill, I 'ope the old dear don't make a bloomer an' pick me!"

A FEUILLETON EXAMINATION.

[With acknowledgments to the Editor of *The Cornhill* and his new scheme of examination papers on various authors.]

1. "'This is so sudden,' said Amelia." State roughly, in years, how long Amelia had been working up to this dénouement.

2. "Adolphus had drunk deep of the tree of knowledge." Show, from his subsequent career, the dangers of this vegetarian diet.

3. "'You lie,' hissed Jasper." Explain fully how Jasper accomplished this, laying careful stress on the absence of sibilants in his remark.

4. "His whole history was written on his face." From what you know of the handwriting of authors, would you consider that Vera was justified in saying that she "could read him like a book"?

5. Give some account of Count Ferrari's chameleon-like qualities, citing the occasions when his bronzed features turned—(a) green with envy; (b) purple with rage; (c) blue with fear; (d) red with shame; (e) grey with horror.

6. "Marjorie would often take her eyes from the deck and cast them far out to sea." How did she retrieve them? Is any light thrown upon the process of their recovery by the statement that "her dog would look up into her face as if he too understood."

7. Sketch the probable change in the course of events, if—

(i.) The Count had been detected in the act of concealing a sardonic smile beneath his moustache.

(ii.) Lady Dalston's face had been square instead of a perfect oval.

8. "You hound, you have deceived me." Write a letter purporting to have come from a member of the Belvoir

Kennel, deploring this aspersion on his race. Calculate the heightening or lessening, as the case may be, of the dramatic effect had Vera said, "You tomtit" (or, alternatively, "You yak"), you have deceived me."

9. Give some account of the first-aid remedies you would have applied to Jasper when he—

- (a) Dug his teeth into his lips until the blood came.
- (b) Broke out into a bath of cold perspiration.
- (c) Was withered by a look from Belinda.
- (d) Fell from the turret to the moat with a sickening thud.

IN MEMORIAM.

Samuel Henry Butcher.

BORN, 1850. DIED, DECEMBER 29, 1910.

DOWNER with the glamour of his native isle
 That fired his tongue and lit his ardent gaze,
 That lent enchantment to his radiant smile,
 And grace to all his ways,

He spread the light of Hellas, holding high
 The torch of learning with a front serene,
 A living witness of the powers that lie
 Within the golden mean.

And whether in the groves of Academe,
 Or where contending factions strive and strain
 In the mid-current of life's turbid stream,
 His honour knew no stain.

Headless of self, he played a knightly part,
 Bowing to none but Duty's stern decrees.
Nil peccavisti unquam, noble heart,
Nisi quod mortuus es.

A TWICE TOLD TALE.

"Is that you, uncle?" said a voice from the nursery, as I hung my coat up in the hall. "I've only got my skin on, but you can come up."

However, she was sitting up in bed with her nightgown on when I found her.

"I was having my bath when you came," she explained. "Have you come all the way from London?"

"All the way."

"Then will you tell me a story?"

"I can't; I'm going to have my dinner. I only came up to say Good-night."

Margery leant forward and whispered coaxingly, "Will you just tell me about Beauty and 'e Beast?"

"But I've told you that such heaps of times. And it's much too long for to-night."

"Tell me *half* of it. As much as *that*." She held her hands about nine inches apart.

"That's too much."

"As much as *that*." The hands came a little nearer together.

"Oh! Well, I'll tell you up to where the Beast died."

"*Fought* he died," she corrected eagerly.

"Yes. Well——"

"How much will that be? As much as I said?"

I nodded. The preliminary business settled, she gave a little sigh of happiness, put her arms round her knees, and waited breathlessly for the story she had heard twenty times before.

"Once upon a time there was a man who had three daughters. And one day——"

"What was the man's name?"

"Margery," I said reproachfully, annoyed at the interruption, "you know I *never* tell you the man's name."

"Tell me now."

"Orlando," I said after a moment's thought.

"I told Daddy it was Thomas," said Margery casually.

"Well, as a matter of fact he had two names, Orlando *and* Thomas."

"Why did he have two names?"

"In case he lost one. Well, one day this man, who was very poor, heard that a lot of money was waiting for him in a ship which had come over the sea to a town some miles off. So he——"

"Was it waiting at Weymouth?"

"Somewhere like that."

"I spex it must have been Weymouth, because there's lots of sea there."

"Yes, I'm sure it was. Well, he thought he'd go to Weymouth and get the money."

"How much monies was it?"

"Oh, lots and lots."

"As much as five pennies?"

"Yes, about that. Well, he said Good-bye to his daughters, and asked them what they'd like him to bring back for a present. And the first asked for some lovely jewels and diamonds and——"

"Like Mummy's locket—is *that* jewels?"

"That sort of idea. Well, she wanted a lot of things like that. And the second wanted some beautiful clothes."

"What sort of clothes?"

"Oh, frocks and——well, frocks and all sorts of——er, frocks."

"Did she want any lovely new stockings?"

"Yes, she wanted three pairs of those."

"And did she want any lovely——"

"Yes," I said hastily, "she wanted lots of those, too. Lots of *everything*."

Margery gave a little sob of happiness. "Go on telling me," she said under her breath.

"Well, the third daughter was called Beauty. And she thought to herself, 'Poor Father won't have any money left at all, if we all go on like this!' So she didn't ask for anything very expensive, like her selfish sisters, she only asked for a rose. A simple red rose."

Margery moved uneasily.

"I hope," she said wistfully, "this bit isn't going to be about—you know. It never did before."

"About what?"

"Good little girls and bad little girls, and fings like that."

"My darling, no, of course not. I told it wrong. Beauty asked for a rose because she loved roses so. And it was a very particular kind of red rose that she wanted—a sort that they simply *couldn't* get to grow in their own garden because of the soil."

"Go on telling me," said Margery, with a deep sigh of content.

"Well, he started off to Weymouth."

"What day did he start?"

"It was Monday. And when——"

"Oh, well, anyhow, I told Daddy it was Tuesday."

"Tuesday—now let me think. Yes, I believe you're right. Because on Monday he went to a meeting of the Vegetable Gardeners, and proposed the health of the Chairman. Yes, well he started off on Tuesday, and when he got there he found that there was no money for him at all!"

"I spex somebody had taken it," said Margery breathlessly.

"Well, it had all gone *somehow*."

"Prehaps somebody had swallowed it," said Margery, a little carried away by the subject. "By mistake."

"Anyhow, it was gone. And he had to come home again without any money. He hadn't gone far——"

"How far?" asked Margery. "As far as *that*?" and she measured nine inches in the air.

"About forty-four miles—when he came to a beautiful garden."

"Was it a really lovely big garden? Bigger than ours?"

"Oh, much bigger."

"Bigger than yours?"

"I haven't got a garden."

Margery looked at me wonderingly. She opened her mouth to speak, and then stopped and rested her head upon her hands and thought out this new situation. At last, her face flushed with happiness, she announced her decision.

"Go on telling me about Beauty and the Beast now," she said breathlessly, "and then tell me why you haven't got a garden."

My average time for Beauty and the Beast is ten minutes, and, if we stop at the place when the Beast thought he was dead, six minutes twenty-five seconds. But, with the aid of seemingly innocent questions, a determined character can make even the craftiest uncle spin the story out to half-an-hour.

"Next time," said Margery, when we had reached the appointed place and she was being tucked up in bed, "will you tell me *all* the story?"

Was there the shadow of a smile in her eyes? I don't know. But I'm sure it will be wisest next time to promise her the whole thing. We must make that point clear at the very start, and then we shall get along.

A. A. M.

DOUGH.

JACQUES loves the English tongue, although

He finds the spelling tough,
And when he does not really knough
He does a little blough,
And spells the termination sough—
Making the queerest stough.

For when he tries himself to plough
His way with trouble through
The words he jotted down but nough,
He finds it will not dough;
He gazes stupid as a cough,
And fails to find a clough.

When back across the Channel's trough
He sails, as pale as dough,
He fears his countrymen will scough
To see his spelling gough
Even in French a little ough,
And hardly *comme il fough*.

THE FEMALE ECONOMIST.



THE SHABBY FOOTSTOL.



REMNANT DAY: 4 A.M.



IN THE QUEUE: 5 A.M.



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(COST OF LUNCH 22s. 6d.)



THREE WEEKS LATER.
THE FIRST WALK OF THE CONVALESCENT.



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

"WILLIE, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN THE OTHER CHILDREN?"

"MOTHER SAID I WASN'T TO GO NEAR THE CANDLES, 'CAUSE I'VE GOT A CELLULOID COLLAR ON!"

A HOME FROM HOME.

THE Anarchist who dwells abroad is not a happy man; Unfeeling Governments refuse protection to his clan; I simply shudder when I think how hard his lot would be If England gave no welcome to the foreign refugee!

When other nations cease to view with nonchalant aplomb His automatic pistol and his effervescent bomb, When, harassed by a cruel foe, he has to take to flight, It's "Oh to be in England!" (with a ton of dynamite!)

When Hamburg grows too sensitive at loss of life and limb;

When Paris firmly intimates she has no use for him; When even Barcelona gets a little bit too hot, Who is it shakes him by the hand? It's England, is it not?

Though other countries turn him out and pulverise his dens,

We couldn't be so impolite to foreign citizens! Our port authorities don't pry about and make a fuss, But straightway take him to their hearts and hail him one of us!

I know some nervous Londoners display a deal of fear And shake their heads and talk about the Coronation Year;

How can they be so foolish as to think they'll be attacked? They're safe as any policeman while we have our Aliens' Act!

O England, to yourself be true; remember you are free! You can't belie the name you've got for hospitality. The British Burglar cannot be too mercilessly curbed; But leave the Alien Criminal—he mustn't be disturbed!

Overland Route for Ships.

"BOMBAY.—The English Mail Steamer was signalled this morning at 5.20 and is expected to arrive at the General Post Office, Calcutta, by special train to-morrow night."—"Empire" (Calcutta).

The Daily Express has thrown a strong flashlight on the Clapham Common mystery. "The double 'S' brand," it says, "may represent the Polish word 'Szpion,' which means 'Sps or Traitor.'"

"Country" asks how to bleach a faded print dress. The directions given to 'Our Wee Mary' (Coburg) should be followed. . . . 'Our Wee Mary' (Coburg) asks how to remove longstanding rust stains from steel fire-irons.—"Melbourne Argus."

In following the directions which are given, the great thing is to remember what it is you're trying to do. Otherwise you only bleach the tongs.

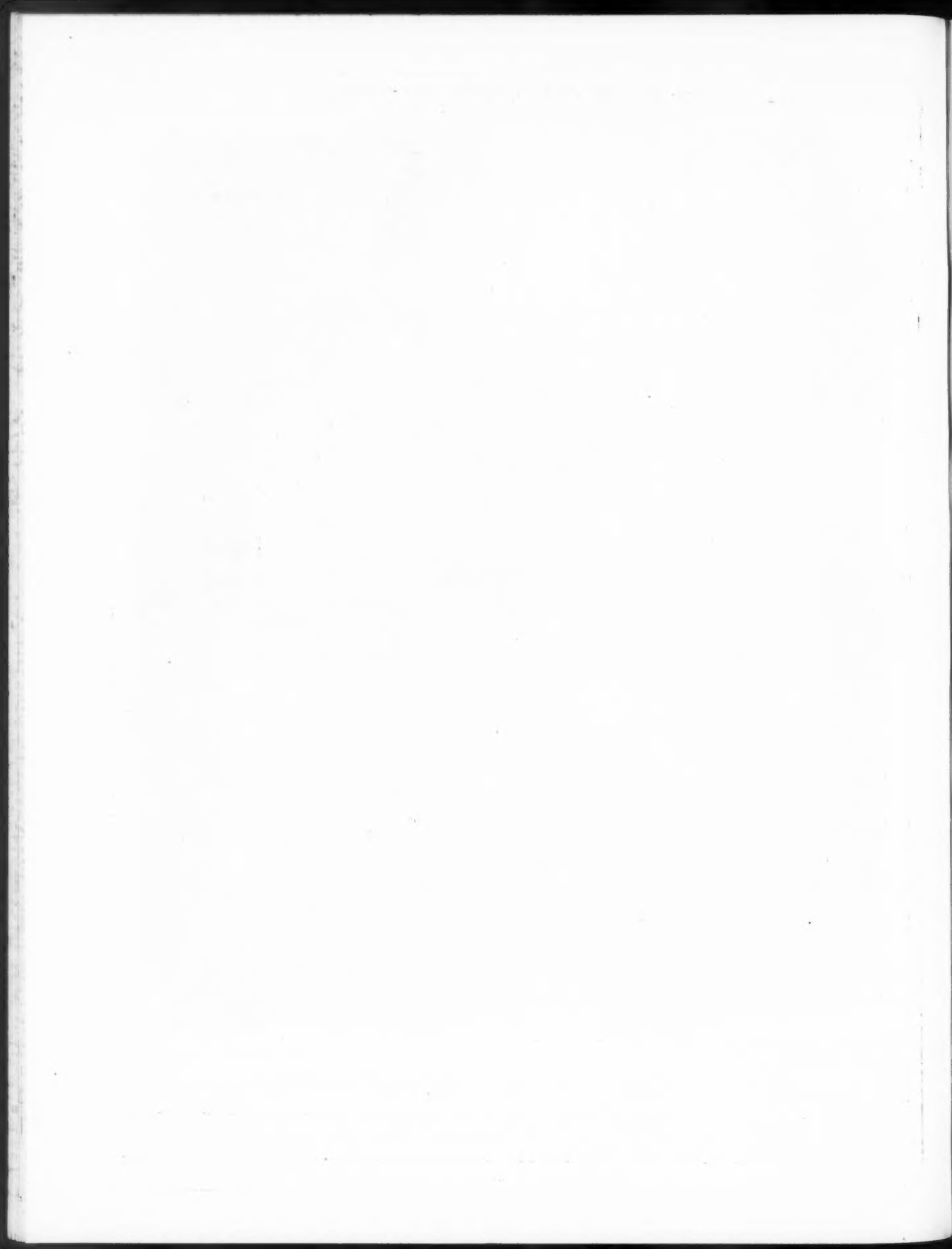
"Who were the two men who fired from 100, Sidney St.? It is generally accepted that one at least of them was Fritz Svarrs."—"Daily Chronicle." Or two at most?



THE BITTER CRY OF THE UNDESIRABLE.

FIRST CRIMINAL ALIEN. "THIS COUNTRY WON'T BE QUITE SO SNUG AN ASYLUM FOR US ONE OF THESE DAYS. THEY'LL STOP US CARRYING ARMS FOR SELF-DEFENCE."

SECOND CRIMINAL ALIEN. "YES, AND DEPORT US ON SUSPICION BEFORE WE'VE KILLED ANYBODY."



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THE SCARAB.

SPOIL of the tomb of kings,
Snatched from the shadows solemn,
Where the wide falcon-wings
Brood o'er the pylon's column,
Scarab (oh blue of the artist Egyptian),
How goes your curious carven inscription?

Emblem of Life and Sun,
How do its letters run?
Spells it of magic and censers a-swing
Ere you were vowed to Miss Lilian's ring?

Tells it of girlish throng,
Homage and graceful pose, if
Pharaoh should chance along,
Pharaoh who knew not JOSEPH?
Down the dim coolness of corridors
going,

Out to the noon on his rose gardens
glowing;

Where by the fish-pond's brink
Ibises coral-pink
Stood in a sacred and somnolent row,
Ages and ages and ages ago?

Spoil of the pyramid
Where the old shadows linger,
Now as a mascot slid
On to a dainty finger,
If I might fathom the secret you fetter,
Hazard each cryptical, long-ago letter,
Emblem of Life that's gone,
I would say, "Love lives on";
Surely a proper and plausible thing,
Since you are vowed to my Lilian's
ring!

THE BATTLE OF LONDON.

SOME SHOTS FROM A SPORTING RIFLE.

CERTAIN legal purists are asking:
Had the military the right to fire before
a magistrate had read the Riot Act?
We believe this is so in the case of an
armed invasion.

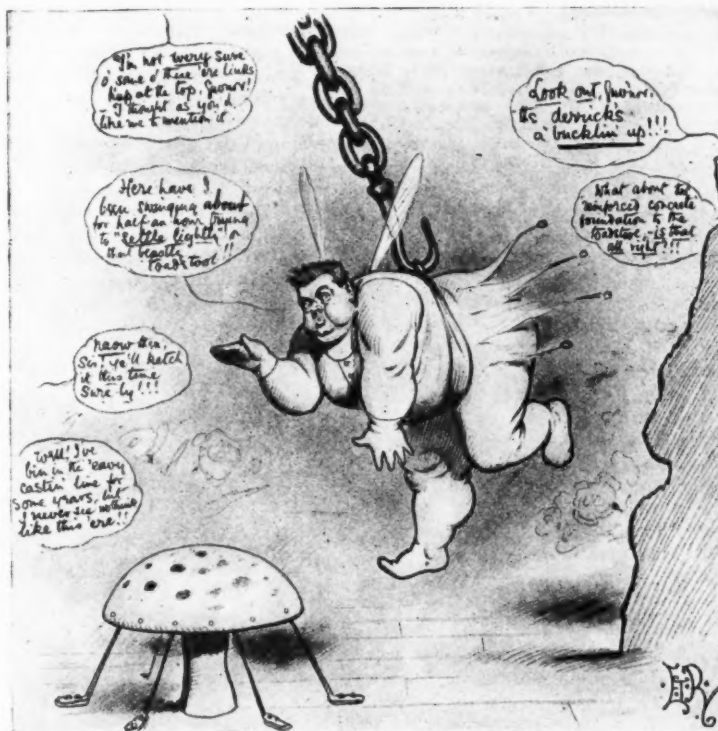
A satisfactory feature of the battle
was the attitude of the local peasantry
who were watching the fight. Again
and again the cry was raised, "Ach,
deese tamd aliens!"

There is, we hear, considerable
discontent among the Territorials
because they were not called out and
given a chance of sharing in the glory.

It argues an astonishing lack of enter-
prise, which makes us blush in the
presence of Americans, that not a
single 'bus proceeding eastwards on
the great day exhibited a notice:—

TO THE BATTLE.

Seeing that our Home Secretary
appeared on the scene, and has been
immortalised in the historical photo-



CELEBRITIES OUT OF THEIR ELEMENT.—III.

MR. PÉLISSIER PLAYS PUCK. THE SCENE AT THE REHEARSALS WAS OF THE MOST ANIMATED DESCRIPTION. THE EFFECT OF THE STRAIN ON THE EXTERNAL STRUCTURE OF THE THEATRE WAS WATCHED DAILY BY LARGE AND EXCITED CROWDS.

graphs, we really cannot be too grateful
that on this occasion he wore his high
hat and not his little Trilby.

By the way, we are authorised to
deny the rumour that Mr. HALDANE
was present disguised as a *vicandière*.

It is scarcely surprising that the
German papers should have made
sneering comments. The Germans
have always been jealous of our suc-
cesses on the battlefield, and have
their own account of Waterloo.

Considerable sympathy is being ex-
pressed for *The Daily Graphic*, whose
coming-of-age number was issued the
same day as the report of the battle,
and was to have been the talk of
England. Such are the horrors of war.

An abominable thought. Was the
battle perhaps arranged by the Cine-
matograph company who secured some
capital films of the hysteric event?
Was it merely a Fight for the Empire?

"Abuse of Hospitality?" cried an
angry pro-Alien. "What about the

treasurer of the London Hospital lend-
ing the police some sporting guns?

Panic is to be deprecated, but it is
well that it should be realised that, if
the authorities continue to take strong
action in the East End, England will
soon forfeit the affection of Anarchists
all over the world.

Finally, if we might give a hint to the
police, it is this. As we write, PETER
THE PAINTER is still at large. Let
them search for him among the Post-
Impressionists, some of whom have
already perpetrated more than one
outrage on English soil.

Our Lett Criminals.

Why do the police concentrate their
efforts on the East End, in face of the
oft-repeated statement—"Letts all go
down the Strand?"

A correspondent with a grievance
against the S.E. & C.R. Railway suggests
in the *Times* "a determined stand on
the part of the 1st class passengers."
But many of them have already done
all the standing they really care about.

MR. PUNCH'S MEDICAL NOTES.

[A correspondent of the *Lancet* says:—"Smoking just before meals is to be deprecated, because the pungency of the pyroligneous products contained in tobacco smoke renders the buccal mucosa insensitive to alimentary stimulation—in fact, their effect is to dull or abolish the clifecto-gustatory reflex, thus depriving us of what Pawlaw calls Appetite juice."]

Mr. Punch also offers a few similar homely tips on domestic hygiene:—

(1) Chocolate Creams before meals are apt to produce ante-post-prandial bursitis, collateral with sub-acute lesions of meticulous patronymics. The

potency of the saccho-therapeutics causes definite lollypoposis, and renders the sufferer (particularly in advanced infancy or supra-nipperhood) unamenable to the pathodigesto-epicurean excitation of cold mutton.

These strictures do not apply to Turkish Delight (Golumptious Orientalis), which, in carefully graduated minims, as prescribed by a Physician, has considerable value as an anti-squallutic. Pawlaw also commends its forcible administration to patients of advancing years in cases of choleric exacerbation.

(2) Nothing, Pawlaw states, is so menacing to national hygiene as the decadence of the Bath Bun. He obtained four hundred bath buns from as many bakers, and subjected them to five years' research. He found only 2 per cent. of the buns approximated to standard as fixed by the Treaty of Berlin. Most of the buns under spectrum analysis showed achromatic eccentricity; 50 per cent. refused to vibrate to the violet reaction; Röntgen rays disclosed foreign bodies within six out of ten, and ninety-four showed evidence of tilted stratification and igneous petrification. Two hundred buns showed no recovery from an application of undilute sulphuric acid, and eighty-one displayed symptoms of febrile spleen with intermittent arthritic conjunctivitis. Monocular examination of bacterial cultures revealed

four billion polyperpherea per cubic millennium. Nine buns displayed incipient rabies; sixty-three senile dementia; eighteen acute delusional hysteria; and no fewer than half of them chronic schlerosis of tissue and dangerous deficiency of currants. At the expiration of five years the whole of the buns lacked gusto-olfactory dynamics of nutrition. Pawlaw therefore discourages the use of bath buns as a staple human diet but permits moderate indulgence in them by lady typists and polar bears in captivity.

(3) Many people are victims of the



SANGFROID.

[In the practical examination of Majors for promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel great importance is attached to coolness of demeanour upon receipt of information.]

Excited Staff-Officer (reading urgent message from Headquarters). "YOUR MAIN ATTACK HAS FAILED, YOUR CAVALRY HAS BEEN ANNIHILATED, TWO BATTERIES HAVE BEEN CAPTURED, AND THE ENEMY HAVE CUT YOUR COMMUNICATIONS!"

"Fed-up" and weary Candidate. "OH! THEY HAVE, HAVE THEY? WELL, JUST HOLD MY MAP WHILE I BLOW MY NOSE."

distressing complaint which Pawlaw indicates as "Dormitoryitis Hibernalis." The chief symptom is a desire to resume slumber when aroused at 7 A.M. on Winter mornings. If the disease is suspected it should be promptly treated by the abrupt denudation of the cutaneous tissues of the patient and the immediate application of not more than five gallons of hydro-perishitis (common water lowered to a temperature of 33° Fahrenheit). If the disease is present there will be immediate reflex action of the moto-muscular centres, together with effusion of vocal profanitis. Severe and chronic cases may be cured by a compress of ice or the application of a hyper-caloric, preferably the ignited end of a match.

Pawlaw deprecates fuses as being too drastic.

DARING RESCUE IN THE CITY.

It happened in Princes Street, which is one of the busiest thoroughfares in the City. But for a minute—just as there comes a lull in the conversation at the most garrulous dinner-party—the street was free from traffic. At that moment there appeared, seemingly from nowhere, a miniature carriage, drawn by a tiny horse, driven by a diminutive driver. Everyone stopped to gaze at the apparition in amazement. One had to rub one's eyes to make sure that one was not dreaming of fairyland. But there could be no doubt as to the reality of the thing. There it was moving gravely down the street. The daring of it! The amazing pluck of it!

Suddenly, in the distance, one hears the dread clanging of a fire-bell; and, in a moment, round the corner dashes a fire-engine—surely the most thrilling sight to be seen in this city of ours. But the frail little carriage—what of that? The driver seems not to hear. He must be deaf. The carriage proceeds demurely on its way. Will no one help? The spectators appear to be paralysed by the horror of

the situation. No one moves. Then, when disaster seems inevitable, a rough man, a wastrel, one would have said, his clothes quite ragged, with nothing heroic in his face, rushes forward and effects a gallant rescue.

One would have expected a storm of cheering. But no.

"How much?" asks a stolid bystander. "A bob, Gynnor."

The mechanical toy changed hands.

Our Amazons.

"Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, all sizes 10½d. to 2s. 9d. per yard."—From a Devon Draper's List.

Sweated Labour.

From a Provincial paper:—

"Sparrows are paid for on production at the rate of 3d. a dozen; rats 6d. a dozen; keepers and rat catchers 3d. a dozen."



A SUBTLE BEAUTY.

"YOUNG HALLORAN SEEMS TO HAVE A GREAT ADMIRATION FOR YOUR DAUGHTER, MRS. MCCARTHY."

"SURE 'T WAS THE SAME WID ME WHEN I WAS A GERRI, MISS. AH, MANNY'S THE BRAVE YOUNG HEART WAS BROKE BY MY FACE!"

THE NEW SCHOOL OF WAR.

"Quo fas et gloria ducunt."

It was the second month of the siege. For weeks great masses of troops, England's best, had been poured into Blackwall by road, rail and river, till the pavements within a four-mile radius were hot with their bivouac fires and the traffic was obstructed over all East London. Every garrison town of the South and Midlands was stripped of its defending force, having sacrificed itself to the country's instant need. The flower of the nation's manhood was concentrated on Blackwall.

Here, in the Theatre of War, permanent gun-positions were established on the roofs of every brewery. The noise of the bombardment and the accidental pulverising of a few private dwellings had been made the subject of letters to the Press by certain testy residents on whose tender nerves the roar of the twenty-four horse and field

batteries, and the heavy armaments of the Channel Squadron in the river had begun to tell.

Cheap excursion trains and steamers brought sightseers from all parts of the kingdom, and behind the infantry lines the specially-erected steel towers and flip-flaps, which gave a splendid view of the besieged attic, were crowded to suffocation.

At the end of the sixth week every available man, child and regimental goat in the Army, Reserves, Territorials, and Boy Scouts had been requisitioned; the river was stuffed full of Navy, and an appeal for help had been sent to the Colonies.

Then came the day when the evening papers broke out in crimson and orange stripes and their staffs foamed at the mouth. The besieged criminal was reported to have escaped. The next morning there was a view-halloa from an aeroplane over Clapham Common, and the Blues, the 1st Life Guards, and four Regiments of Cavalry of the Line

charged from Clapham Junction, joining hands on both flanks with the entire alphabet of R.H.A. batteries, whose nimble guns at the gallop searched the bush of the Common with well-directed fire.

What happened to the criminal nobody knows. He was never heard of again. But the voice of the Boy in the Street, who happened to be a Scout, was heard to express a preference for the good old days when *Sleuth-Hound Dick* captured his miscreants in his own quiet way, and soldiers were kept for fighting.

"A writer remarks in a controversy that the Church will never get the best men for clergy till the services are rearranged under the guidance of the conviction that it will not suffice to banish from creeds, prayers, psalms, and lessons, only every sentence respecting which all that can be hoped is that, if adequately explained, it will do no harm, but also every sentence which is not importantly true."—*Advocate of India*.

It is all very well saying things like that, but the trouble is to do something.

AT THE PLAY.

"IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?"

No bachelor should attempt to solve this riddle, but, if you asked me a similar question about the play that propounds it, I could hazard a shrewdish guess. Of course, with a British audience, it is not in mortal playwrights to command failure, but the German authors of this so-called "light comedy" have at least gone a good way towards deserving it. The play has an excellent idea to start with. The discovery of a technical flaw in their marriage ceremonies at a certain church sets free a variety of couples, and it is a question how many of them will take advantage of their liberty. The men are at first unanimous for freedom; and the women combine to reduce them to submission. Here are the makings of yet another *Lysistrata*; but the frank coarseness proper to ARISTOPHANES becomes mere vulgarity when modified to meet the requirements of Teuton provincialism. These things, once again, are managed better in France.

There were some pleasant, if obvious, touches of half-serious comedy between one pair of separatists (played sympathetically by Mr. CHARLES BRYANT and Miss EDYTH LATIMER), but much of the rest was rather second-rate fun, like the stuff you get in a musical comedy, only without the music.

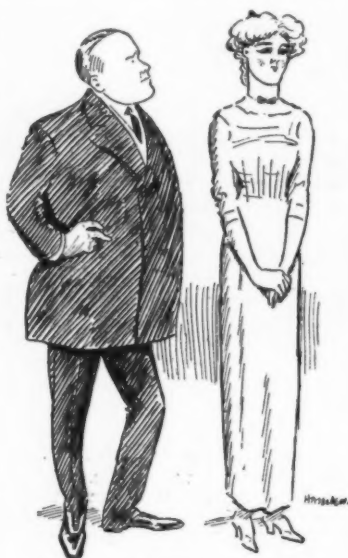
What humour there was arose for the most part out of fairly commonplace situations, and seldom belonged to the dialogue as such. Surely it is late, at this time of day, to repeat the hallowed wheeze—"Is life worth living? That depends on the liver"; or the ancient scintillation about the route to a man's heart lying through his stomach.

Mr. CHARLES BRYANT was an attractive figure, and I freely forgive him his palpable imitation of the vocal methods of the lessee of the Criterion. I wonder if Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM, looking down from his box with grave, veteran air at the stage that has been the scene for him of so many triumphs, recognised the echo of his own voice. Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS was wasted upon her surroundings; and if Miss ROSINA FILIPPI as a mother-in-law found herself in the picture the credit is due to the accommodating qualities of her art. Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS, always very much at his ease, seemed to take more interest than usual in his part, treating it less like a passable private joke between himself and the other actors. He was quite good in his scenes with the one unmarried girl of the piece, played by Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX, who had her happy moments,

though she did what she could to handicap herself with her photographic smile. Mr. DENTON was usefully employed to bring down the first two curtains; and Mr. PAUL ARTHUR was well in his element, and we had better leave it at that.

There was one gentleman, rather amateurish, who played the part of a moral prig, and was described as a lecturer on BROWNING. This must be an original inspiration on the part of Herr LEO DITRICHSTEIN, the adapter, and I recommend him next time to choose some more likely poet for the encouragement of milk-and-water orthodoxy.

As for the scene, I never quite made out where we were. It was always the



A SOLID PROPOSITION.

Lulu Wheeler ... Miss LETTICE FAIRFAX.
Paul Barton ... Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS.

same room of a private house known as Rosedale, in the provinces, with a staircase leading out of it into vague regions beyond. People kept going up and down it, no one knew whither or whence. Everybody seemed to come and stay in the house whenever it occurred to them, and I shall never understand how this very middle-class establishment contrived to shelter at any one time such an astonishing collection of married supers.

I hope I have not been too captious, but on the second night in a sparsely-populated house I found myself located in a stall of Row H, where you crouch with your knees adjacent to the back of the pew in front, and have to keep dodging about for a glimpse of the stage. And this does not make for geniality.

O. S.

OBSERVATIONS ON SKI-ING.

THEY call us the Suicides' Club, and Meyer, the one German in our hotel, distractedly hovers about the American Bar buttonholing people and trying to induce them to expound the etymology of the name. Until he came to Wengen a week ago, Meyer flattered himself that he understood English. Now he perceives that the tongue possesses pitfalls whereof his Berlitz professor left him unwarned. Why is the beginners' ski-ing class universally known as the Suicides' Club? Why should the easiest ski-ing slope in Helvetia be characterised as the Death Trap? And why is Meyer, when he seeks enlightenment on these palpable confusions of thought—why, oh why, is he a Nut?

Meyer, who fondly imagined that he had conquered the chief entanglement of our language when he learnt to say "awfully," is rather resentful. His sojourn at Wengen will, however, not be barren of profit, for he will be able to return to Potsdam and baffle his friends (who only know "awfully" and "old fellow") with the latest correct Anglicisms. As thus: "You are, old fellow, awfully a Nut." Or; "When I in the Berner Oberland was, I joined the Suicide-Club of Ski-Laufing and at the Death Trap to run learned."

As for the Death Trap, it is (as Meyer has ventured to point out) perhaps the only undulation in Switzerland where the ski-ing novice could not break his neck even if he tried. That is why (no, Meyer cannot see it!) the Suicides' Club have chosen it as their meeting-place. Here we stagger up, up, up, and here we reel down, down, down; and here, when we have pirouetted on to our noses, we announce that we have practically executed a Telemark. Here, also, the slackers sit in a row on a fence with their Kodaks and hoot at us.

The ski is a wanton and freakish implement of human progress. When you are lurching along the level on skis they are boards strapped to your boots. When you totter down a hill the skis are boards to which your boots are strapped. It is a delicate distinction. I have tried several pairs of skis. They were all proficient at ski-ing; but I was not. As I told Meyer (who gives you quite a good cigar if you will talk English with him), what I wanted was a pair of skis which had to begin at the beginning—skis which had to learn. These skis knew how to ski already, and they ski-ed energetically whenever I should have preferred to remain in a dignified repose. They could do Christiania Turns, they could

brake and herring-bone. And they did all these before I could stand upright. Sometimes they started doing them the minute I took them out of their shed and laid them down on the snow preparatory to buckling them on. One of my skis performed a magnificent run down to the hairdresser's last Sunday while I was looking for my ski-pole in the hotel porch. I couldn't have ski-ed down to the hairdresser's to save my life, much less to show off before the lunchers in the verandah. "Vat is it—to 'show off'?" asked Meyer. "Oh, to put on side, you know; to swank. Yes, I don't mind if I do have another of your cigars. They're very sound—top hole, in fact." "Vat is it—'top hole'?" "Top hole? Oh, that's the place where the bit comes from that you cut off at the end."

It is disgustingly bad manners of these skis to be so uppish. Skates don't behave like that. You never saw a Mount Charles, left by itself on the edge of the rink, hop off on to a rocker. And when you have put on your skates they don't start cutting threes and things. They wait for you to tell them that your ankles are feeling in the mood this morning for a little inside-edge. These skis take the bit between their toes without the slightest sympathy for their rider. When I have floundered to the top of the Death Trap I say, "Now I'll pause to get my breath and to look at the cloud-shadows on the Jungfrau." Not a bit of it! My skis have no soul for cloud-shadows. They respond, "Nonsense; we'll jab the old fellow who is lying on his back in that drift down there." In ten seconds, sure enough, they have jabbed him. And I, who have followed, protesting indignantly, am blamed! In vain I point back up the slope, where my track is marked by (1) my dropped eye-glasses, (2) my cap, (3) my tobacco-pouch, (4) my pipe, (5) its dottle, and (6) a spot of my gore. The jabbed gentleman is unconvinced. My aim has been too unerring. No mere tyro, he insists, could have achieved such a fine shot. And, in truth, no mere tyro has. My skis have been at it for years.

I am persuaded that the construction of skis should receive the attention of some humane reformer. Instead of being so preposterously polished underneath they should have hob-nails. The Hob-Nailed Ski—that is my idea. In process of time friction would wear down the nails; and when the neophyte had mastered the art his skis would be smooth enough for anything. On the up-hill journey the hob-nailed ski would be perfection. With the present absurd slithery skis you can



Broker (to wealthy but stingy Client). "GLAD YOU DID SO WELL WITH THOSE SHARES I TOLD YOU TO BUY."

Client. "WHY, I LOST A POT OF MONEY OVER THEM."

Broker. "WHAT! YOU BOUGHT AT TWO AND SOLD AT SEVEN, DIDN'T YOU?"

Client. "AY! BUT THEY WENT UP TO TEN AFTER!"

never prophesy, when you take a step, whether it is going to be forward or backward. And on the downhill trip the hob-nailed skis' rate of progress would afford you leisure to enjoy the beauties of the scenery and to laugh at the beginners tumbling.

But they are very conservative here at Wengen. Meyer is the only man who appreciates my hob-nail notion—and he is unable to try it because he is suffering from sciatica, complicated by a stiff neck, after attempting to participate in an English-style figure round an orange on the rink. ("My skate he did swank into the top hole, and I did put on side. I lie on the sofa therefore. A cigar you will soundly smoke with me, yes?") And the secretary of the Suicides' Club wouldn't hear of my skis. He said they would spoil the snow. *Spoil the snow!* He cannot have seen the place where my non-hob-nail skis showed me yesterday how a long jump should be done.

"BEADLES. — The meet of Major Allott's beards on Saturday was at Keddington Osiars." —*Hull Times*.

What we really want to see is a meet of churchwardens.

"We cannot learn too soon or too well that in ourselves is lodged whatever force is needed to send us along the path of a successful life; that close behind us is the work which our hands are to do." —*Edinburgh Evening Despatch*.

This rather takes the edge off the motto, "When once you've put your hand to the plough, don't look back." You almost *must*, if it's behind you.

"Owing to the General Election, Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson are postponing the publication of Mr. Bram Stoker's new work, 'Famous Impostors.'" —*The Bookseller*.

We beg to observe, in our best cynical vein, that it was a pity to miss such an appropriate moment.

From a catalogue: "THE REPEATER: During the Sale we shall offer, as usual, this well-known Skirt."

It must go off this year.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. WALTER SICHEL's discovery of *The Glenbervie Journals* (CONSTABLE) was not quite so happy a find as that of *The Creevey Papers*. Their period is pretty much the same as that through which CREEVEY lived, plotted, and wrote his diary. All unconscious of rivalry as a chronicler Lord GLENBERVIE had an instinctive dislike of CREEVEY, whom he refers to as "the *accusateur officieux* who tried to obtain eminence (unsuccessful attempt!) by personalities in the absence of the parties concerned." Lord GLENBERVIE, having a wide acquaintance among public men, had not the gift his contemporary was endowed with of making his surroundings interesting. He was, to tell the truth, a dull man. The sentence quoted gives some indications of his literary style. His journal, written chiefly at the uncongenial hour between six and seven in the morning, is through many pages as dreary as if the work he was engaged upon was the posting up of the family laundry-book. Still here and there we catch a pleasant glimpse of how people lived in the good old days. Such an one is presented in the story told by Lord MALMESBURY how in the year 1774 the Duc de BIRON came from Versailles to Berlin on a secret commission, and Lord MALMESBURY lodged him in his house for a twelve-month, "during which he thought he was outwitting his host, who found easy means of reading all his despatches and taking copies of such parts as he chose." Lord GLENBERVIE makes no comment on this domestic arrangement, which seems to have been up to date. Mr. SICHEL makes provoking references to spicy passages omitted lest they should make the book too lively. His own style occasionally suffers, probably from sympathy with the diarist he edits. Cataloguing GLENBERVIE's distinguished friends, he says, "he was the intimate of Lord Sheffield, through whom he was thrown with Gibbon." Whether the two were thrown by a single *tour de force* or one after the other, and what became of the riven peer, are details not disclosed.

Once upon a time—but it must have been before Mr. ROOSEVELT had added so largely to the list of the world's extinct mammals—a sporting English millionaire went off to get a little big-game shooting on Afric's burning shore. And while he was away a letter offering him the mastership of the Mullenboden hounds fell into the hands of his young cousin and namesake, *Derrick Bourke Herring*. Now *Derrick*, junior, was rather hard up, and instead of sending the letter back, in which case Miss DOROTHEA CONYERS couldn't have written her book—*Two Impostors and Tinker* (HUTCHINSON)—he was persuaded by his charming sister to pretend that he was the millionaire. So for nearly a whole season he hunted the Mullenboden

hounds, while beside him sported on the green of the Irish hunting-field his little sister *Josephine*, disguised as his first whip by breeches and boots and the wearing of the pink. At this point I confess that I very nearly went home. I couldn't see even Miss VESTA TILLEY carrying out this part of the imposture with success. However, I knew that Irish bullfinches are often not so stiff as they look. So I crammed my hat over my eyes and scrambled over somehow, and was rewarded by a rattling run after the two *Herrings*, with some very pretty love-making thrown in when we all came home tired from hunting. And if you have a taste for sport and Irish ways and scenery and pleasant people and a happy ending I advise you to follow my example. I ought to add that *Tinker* was the fifth part of the only other pack besides the Mullenboden which *Derrick* had ever hunted, and that he saved *Josephine* from drowning when she met with the inevitable accident by which her sex was at last revealed.



"I'M SURPRISED THAT YOU SHOULD REMEMBER ME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS."

"WHY NOT? SAME FACE, ISN'T IT?"

Since reading *Master and Maid* (MURRAY) I feel that I missed something during my schooldays, for when I was dining with my house-master no charming girl ever burst upon us and took possession of him, me and the place. But then my house-master was married, while *Anthony Bevan* was only thirty-seven and a bachelor, and if *Lallie Clonmell* had arrived (and I wish she had) there would not have been the complications with which Mrs. ALLEN HARKER has amused me. *Lallie* was not exactly pretty, but she was Irish and had a "way," and her arrival was rather awkward. How awkward it was, please allow Mrs. HARKER to tell you. There is not an incident in her story which might not conceivably have happened, and she has been supremely successful in reproducing the atmosphere of a public school. But why, I wonder, did she choose the awful name of *Hamchester*? To invite anyone to call himself an "Old Ham," or even an "Old Chesterton," is surely to court refusal. "Hamcestrian" is also unthinkable.

I'm pleased with H. J. SMITH the way
He wields the novel-maker's pen;
I like the style of HARRY J.
(Although sententious now and then);
His theme, a strong one ringing true,
I like; I also like the twang.
The metaphors, to me quite new,
Of HARRY JAMES'S Yankee slang.

In books that hail from over-sea
I look, to justify the trip,
For something of a high degree
In all the points of authorship;
In none of these does HARRY fail;
But one thing which I haven't found
Is why on earth he calls the tale
(From CONSTABLE) *Enchanted Ground*.